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Week of
October 7, 1940

Critics'

THEATRE REVIEWS

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* *Asterisks indicate shows scheduled to play during the week of October 7, 1940.*

† *"The Gondoliers" opened last Monday, September 30th at the 44th St. Theatre. This is the first of a series of Gilbert & Sullivan revivals.*

† *"Boys and Girls Together" opened last Tuesday, October 1st at the Broadhurst Theatre.*

† *"Journey To Jerusalem" opened last Saturday, October 5th at the National Theatre. (Newspaper Critics reviews in next week's issue.)*

THEATRE REVIEWS IS A COMPLETE GUIDE AND RECORD TO THE NEW YORK SHOWS

Critics' Theatre Reviews brings you each week the complete reviews as they originally appeared in these New York papers

New York Sun	New York Times
New York Post	New York Daily News
New York Herald Tribune	New York World-Telegram

Place this week's reviews with preceding weekly reviews so as to have always an up to date file of the New York Stage.

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"Boys and Girls Together"

Reprinted from NEW YORK DAILY NEWS, *October 2, 1940*

Ed Wynn and a Lot of "Boys and Girls Together" Wow an Audience

"Boys and Girls Together," musical revue assembled by Ed Wynn, with lyrics by Jack Yellen and Irving Kahal; music by Sammy Fain; dialogue by Mr. Wynn and Pat C. Flick. Produced by Mr. Wynn at the Broadhurst Theatre, New York, Oct. 1, 1940.

★ ★ ★+

By BURNS MANTLE

ED WYNN has been saving up for this one. "Boys and Girls Together," which he offered at the Broadhurst Theatre last night, is right out of the old Ed Wynn notebook, which he has been carrying for the last three years, and in which he has been jotting down everything from gags to inventions, from song suggestions to production numbers, from puns to possibilities.

The result, it seems to me, is about the best revue we have had on Broadway in years. At least it gives us the best of Wynn in person, and the best of the Wynn ideas in performance. There isn't an offensive line in it, or an off-color suggestion. Every one of its acts is a quality act, and each of its scenes is worth the staging.

That makes it what, as Master of Ceremonies of his own show, he tells you he wanted it to be—a most unusual entertainment. Nothing hackneyed, nothing trite—except, naturally, when he offers an imitation of an imitation just by way of contrast.

Dave the Gypsy

He was introducing Dave Apollon, a virtuoso of the mandolin, as I left him last night. By way of providing a setting he had retrieved a gypsy campfire he said, from an old Shubert production. He squatted wonderingly by the side of the campfire while Mr. Apollon did things to his mandolin strings that probably no other virtuoso is able to do.

I would not know about that, nor care greatly. But the point is that Wynn, at 11:15, was still working with his specialists to add the extra ten per cent. of entertainment that most revues, and practically all stars of revue, miss.

Previously he had worked with the acrobats, as is his outrageous custom, and with the dancers; even with the club juggiérs, whom he had put in just to give the second half a vaudeville opening.

He had worn all his funny hats and most of his funny coats. He had stood at the side of the stage and viewed the work of the gifted children of his troupe with the incomparable Wynn mask, which expresses every known emotion, from a proud father's pride to an apprehensive zany's fear.

Beauty, Too

He had kidded Jane Pickens, his really gifted prima donna, about her singing, and all but broke up an Apache dance with his suggestions to the lady on how to be even with her brutal partner. He had staged a rehearsal hall satire that covers the field from the perfect tapping of Walter Long to the graceful adagios of the superior De Marcos.

He had introduced the eight most beautiful show girls lined up back of the local footlights since Florenz Ziegfeld and his "Follies" left us poorer for their passing. "The Cocktail Girls" he calls them. He had introduced Sally Craven, Edna Sedgwick and Florence Foster to make you believe that every other dancing girl in a stage full of them is a ballet star.

In fact he had done everything he could think of to make your evening worth what it cost you. If you are as much of a Wynn fan as I am you will be enthusiastic about the result. If you're not—well, I'm not the boy to select your musical comedy comedians for you.

Sammy Fain wrote most of the music. Jerry Cooper, a likely lad from radio, sings the hit song, "I Want to Live," in a radio setting. He and Miss Pickens have a nice number, "Such Stuff as Dreams Are Made Of"; Miss Pickens does nobly by a Spanish item, "The Latin in Me," and the settings for all these, by Oden Waller, are attractive.

Albertina Rasch staged the dances with the dependable Rasch effects, and Irene Sharaff did the costumes with the Sharaff eye to taste and beauty. A swell show, this "Boys and Girls Together."

Reprinted from NEW YORK HERALD TRIBUNE, *October 2, 1940*

Ed Wynn

By RICHARD WATTS, Jr.

THE news in this corner will be extremely cheering this morning. Ed Wynn is back in town with his newest carnival, and, whatever may be the state of the world elsewhere, there is every reason for happiness along Broadway. The great philosopher, inventor and well dressed man is once more at the top of his form, running his show with his customary aplomb, giggling with characteristic embarrassment, mingling with the girls, the singers, the dancers and the acrobats and in general behaving as the superb comic he always has been. Since it is the custom in such cases, Mr. Wynn is accompanied by a show, and since that show features those incomparable dancers, Renee and Tony De Marco, it is an entertainment to be cherished. But, as usual, Mr. Wynn is so wonderful and so complete a carnival in himself that the rest seems an unnecessary luxury.

• • •

As usual, the Wynn hats are incomparable specimens of millinery, and the Wynn costumes are marvels of the tailor's art. As usual, the great man wanders through his show in a proper philosophical vein, telling us of this and that in his best fluttery manner and demonstrating to us once more that, whatever else may be wrong with the American theater, its first-flight comedians are the greatest men in the world. I doubt if there is any one who doesn't love Ed Wynn as a comic. He is not only hilariously and imaginatively funny to a superlative degree, but manages to be so incredibly engaging that he captures the affections of his audiences as readily as he does their laughter. In his new show, which is attractively entitled "Boys and Girls Together," he is, if anything, even more delightful than ever.

• • •

Being the wisest of philosophers and commentators, Mr. Wynn has an unbeatable way of atoning for even the less-than-exciting numbers in his show. He is always in there explaining what is to come with characteristic eloquence and he assures us with proper conviction that his is a new type of show. Then, when he gives you something conventional in the way of girl-and-music antics he advises you that this is the sort of thing not to be found in "Boys and Girls Together." He is so persuasive that I invariably believe him and so we all must have imagined one or two of the episodes. Rather, let me go on to tell you of the innumerable wonders of the new entertainment. There is Mr. Wynn getting mixed up with a pair of acrobats, Mr. Wynn going hunting with some unusual weapons, Mr. Wynn putting down a carpet for his girls to walk on, conducting a dancing school and doing almost everything else from mingling with some jugglers to setting the stage for the first De Marco dance.

• • •

It is my firm conviction—and I am certainly not alone in it—that the De Marcos are the greatest of dance teams. Their few numbers in "Boys and Girls Together" are miracles of grace, charm, imagination and gayety, and they would give distinction to any show in which they appeared. Prominent in the cast are Dave Apollon, Miss Jane Pickens and Jerry Cooper, who seemed to have a great number of admirers on the opening night. Personally, though, I preferred some of the lesser members of the company, such as the pair billed as Paul La Varre and Brother, the acrobats who entangle Mr. Wynn, or the remarkable fat girl named Dot Remy or even the Six Wilys, who are, of all things, jugglers. There is also a well staged chorus number in the Wynn dancing school, and the music is serviceable, though undistinguished. The important thing, though, is that Ed Wynn is laboring as diligently as ever and to as excellent effect.

"Boys and Girls Together"

Reprinted from NEW YORK SUN, *October 2, 1940*

'Boys and Girls Together,' Mostly Ed Wynn, Opens at the Broadhurst

By RICHARD LOCKRIDGE

ED WYNN still wears his preposterous fur coat and tells incredible stories with no particular beginnings and no ends at all. He also shoots from guns with curved barrels, and lisps and perpetrates puns which make the senses reel. Everything is perfectly all right with Mr. Wynn, who carries on business at the old stand, giggling and making faces. He is just as funny as if he hadn't been away at all.

He came back last evening at the Broadhurst in a show, of course of his own contrivance, called "Boys and Girls Together." He brought Miss Jane Pickens, whose graceful artificialities bring a proper note of contrast to Mr. Wynn's own artful artfulness, and the De Marcos to dance and Dave Apollon to play his mandolin with a look of anguished rapture. He also brought a fine covey of dancing girls to keep things moving while he is resting his voice. Bits of scenery and a tune or two round it out, providing an evening of folksy merriment.

Mr. Wynn has never, I think, been more hilarious. There is his look of shocked amazement when he first encounters his image i a mirror—a baffled astonishment, mingled with chagrin and embarrassment and ending in a nervous giggle. There is his arrival in a small boat, wearing the costume—I guess—of a Chinese mandarin. There is his sublime description of the drama he was going to put in the show, but somehow didn't, and it compares admirably with the account of a movie plot he gave once, years ago. There is his bicycle-piano which, in this instance, has Miss Pickens on top of it, singing the best of the songs which Jack Yellen, Irving Kahal and Sammy Fain have written for her. (It is called "Catsup On the Moon," and it would have been fine if the Messrs. Yellen, Kahal and Fain could have thought of some more like it.)

There is, in short, Mr. Wynn, the classic zany, twisting new jokes and reviving old, getting tangled up with acrobats and earnestly insisting throughout that what he really has here is an unusual show. He hasn't, of course. "Boys and Girls Together" is usual, down to the last arrayed show girl, representing the spirit of the Stork Club and of 21. (Comments, however, by Mr. Wynn.) Shows don't have to be unusual if they have Mr. Wynn in them, since he is unusual enough for twenty. "Boys and Girls Together" is casual and a little haphazard, made handsome by the glittering De Marcos, melodious by the charming Miss Pickens, lively by the dancing girls and very funny by Mr. Wynn himself. At 11:45 when it ended that had been enough to keep all of us bright-eyed and happy in our seats. You don't have to be any more unusual than that, Mr. Wynn.

'BOYS AND GIRLS TOGETHER'

An entertainment in two acts, produced and staged by Ed Wynn; lyrics by Jack Yellen and Irving Kahal; music by Sammy Fain; settings by Oden Waller; costumes by Irene Sharaff; talk by Mr. Wynn and Pat C. Flick; choreography by Albertina Rasch; produced by Mr. Wynn on October 1, 1940, at the Broadhurst Theater. In the cast, in addition to Mr. Wynn himself, are Jane Pickens, the De Marcos, Dave Apollon, Marjorie Knapp, Walter Long, Edna Sedgwick, Jerry Cooper, the Six Willys, Lucienne and Ashour, Paul and Frank La Varre, Sally Craven, Florence Foster and others.

Reprinted from NEW YORK TIMES, *October 2, 1940*

Ed Wynn in 'Boys and Girls Together' With Jane Pickens, Dave Apollon and the De Marcos

By BROOKS ATKINSON

JUST suppose, for example, that Ed Wynn is the funniest man in the world. That seems to be a reasonable assumption on the basis of "Boys and Girls Together," which brought actors and audience together at the Broadhurst last evening. After appearing with some difficulty in a "book show" three years ago, Ed has returned to the itinerant pattern of "The Laugh Parade" and "Ed Wynn's Carnival," which always suited his style of random mountebankery.

Around him he has collected a good outfit of entertainers. Jane Pickens is singing Sammy Fain's music in a most attractive voice. Dave Apollon plays the mandolin like a virtuoso and the De Marcos sweep around the stage in some studious dance numbers. Some of the town's most stunning show girls are wearing Irene Sharaff's stunning gowns, and the chorus is composed of some fresh young people who look as if they came from good families.

* * *

But all performers lead a somewhat restricted life when the perfect fool has collected enough jokes and jack to put on a show. For he pops out of a costume trunk in the first number and ambles through almost every scene. Dressed in one crack-brained costume after another, he gives the whole entertainment a kind of story quality. Seated on his magic carpet, he takes you into the fabulous land of foolishness.

Ed does not change much through the years. Oh, he is a little heavier now and a little more ponderous, perhaps, on his feet. But those inquiring eyebrows still curve above a lantern-jaw, and the bushy hair, which is just a trifle thin on top, frizzles out from his clownish hats. He still lisps. His hands wander around in gestures of bewilderment. His eyes convey pleasure and astonishment by turns. When his associates are performing at breakneck speed, Ed surveys them with the apprehension of a slow-witted old woman, interjecting reproving gasps or chuckling with enjoyment.

* * *

How his fellow performers feel about it may be another thing. Although Ed maintains a kind of paternal interest in them, the fact remains that he horns into nearly every act. But it is pie in the sky for people, like this reporter, who think that Ed is a one-man circus. For the ambling gait suits his style of informal comedy. He knows how to tell a joke. He builds it up with a foolish emphasis upon the inconsequential. Then he drops in the tag line with the casual air of an after-thought.

* * *

He has some wonderfully elaborate gags, all with a story-telling flavor. When he wants to indulge in some trick shooting at an unruly target, he comes to the point gradually. He makes his entrance paddling a boat, looking at his road map to find the direction, and throwing out an anchor which presently starts coming down from the sky. By the time he gets around to the shooting you have already had a comic voyage up the Sound.

Watch Ed edging into a tangled act with the La Varres, who are acrobats. Ed's intentions are helpful when he tried to disengage the acrobatic knots. But presently he realizes that he is caught in one himself. His heavy jaw drops in astonishment. Staring at the audience, he tries to solve the problem mentally. He swings one leg over, tangling himself worse than ever. He turns around, straightens up. Gradually it dawns on Ed that there is no solution to this predicament. Probably he will be entangled with an acrobat for the rest of his life, which is a dismal prospect.

It is all very foolish, all very funny. For Ed is a perfect fool out of a demented volume of Mother Goose, and "Boys and Girls Together" is an uproarious one-night's entertainment.

"Boys and Girls Together"

Reprinted from NEW YORK WORLD-TELEGRAM, *October 2, 1940*

Wynn Reaches Climax in His New Revue

By SIDNEY B. WHIPPLE

Ladies and gentlemen, I would like to have time, space and the capacity to write a book today about Ed Wynn, the magnificent zany, who last night deposited upon the stage of the Broadhurst Theater the largest single load of joy that has reached Broadway since the depression. For nothing short of a book would do him complete justice.

In the 30 years since Ed Wynn first disclosed his extraordinary and wholly individualistic talents to audiences, nearly every superlative has been worn to tatters in describing him. And today finds us still reaching for new and better words. Mr. Wynn has arrived at another climax.

It is difficult to place a critical finger upon the exact point where his past performances, great as they were, leave off and this new one begins. Certainly there is nothing new in his mad method. He is the same ingenuous, naive, giggling, disarming and lovable fool of old. He wears the same motley succession of weird garments. A strange variety of hats continues to ornament his crown. There is still the air of perpetual astonishment on his wide-open face. He continues to have embarrassing moments with self-conscious hands. And he never fails to burst into amused chuckles over the old wheeze or the new gag he is about to relate.

* * *

That sounds, indeed, like the Ed Wynn of other days, and it is all truthful. But what cannot be described is a new spirit of gaiety, as though Mr. Wynn had suddenly discovered an untapped well of humor and was so tickled by it that he simply had to share the huge enjoyment of it with his audience.

The truth of the matter may be that the showman's spirit in him is satisfied with the show that surrounds him, for it is a great show and he should be happy with it. There is, happily, no "book" to Boys and Girls Together. As its title suggests, the revue is nothing more complicated than a gathering together of boys and girls who can sing, dance, make love and look beautiful. Nobody, least of all Mr. Wynn, has to worry about a plot. Mr. Wynn acts as a master of ceremonies to tie the separate acts together. The separate acts also serve, after a fashion, to tie Mr. Wynn together. Mr. Wynn makes up his own story as he goes along, giving modest credit in the official billing in the unusual phrase "talk by Ed Wynn and Pat C. Flick."

From the moment he emerges from a packing case, dripping with moth balls, until he dismisses his audience at approximately midnight, he is almost constantly on the stage. He indulges in acrobatics with the La Varre brothers. He plays an accordion with the excellent Dave Apollon. He rides a tricycle piano (one of his own inventions) and plays it to accompany the gorgeous Jane Pickens in semi-operatic numbers. He climbs a stepladder and catches Indian clubs bunged at him by the club-swinging Six Willys. He is a constantly astonishing man.

* * *

If it seems that undue emphasis is being laid on Mr. Wynn's part in Boys and Girls Together, let it be said that this dazzling performance does not throw any shadow over the excellent surroundings. With him, for example, are the De Marcos, who are an evening's entertainment in themselves, whether in a ballroom, at a supper club or on the stage, and they have never been better. Miss Pickens and Mr. Apollon, too, have their shining moments, and if I have any regret at all it is that the one-time Palace hero's place on the program is so late in the evening. Miss Pickens, on the other hand, is with us almost from the beginning, which is as it should be.

Of the younger dance teams, Walter Long and Edna Sedgwick should be popular, for they are vivid and youthful. Sally Craven and Florence Foster deserve mention for their more classical dances, and there are also a couple who call themselves Lucienne and Ashour, who do an Apache dance with an unusual climax, and who are magnificent in their comedy.

The list of talent is long. Almost as long as the show which, as you may have gathered, is long enough and complete enough to be considered really a double-feature for the price of one.

You may have discovered, by this time, that I am very fond of Mr. Wynn's show.

2

Reprinted from NEW YORK POST, *October 2, 1940*

Ed Wynn Excellent in His New Musical

By JOHN MASON BROWN

ED WYNN keeps on insisting at the Broadhurst that "Boys and Girls Together" is not a usual show. And he is right. No production in which he appears is, or can be, a usual one. His presence alone is a guarantee of this.

Mr. Wynn is a magician in the happy realms of nonsense. His lisp is the song-hit in any of his musicals. Few costumes are as eye-filling as is his repertoire of tattered coats and inexplicable hats. His eyebrows, as they kiss or desert the sky above his spectacles, can set a stage as few designers can. His famous old shoes are the best of sentimental numbers. His chuckle, which is more whinny than laugh, is the perfect orchestration for any pun. His madly intertwining hands are more active than any chorus numbers.

Then there is the kindness of the man. It, too, must find a place in even the most hurried catalogue of his well-known virtues. Kindliness happens to be his manifest destiny as a comic. The enormous laughter he provokes is utterly without malice. He is foolish for foolishness's own sweet sake, droll rather than witty, and as lovable as he is daffy.

Mr. Wynn, the Incomparable

That his is an inventive genius, no one can question who in the past has rejoiced in any of his Rube Goldberg contrivances. He can pun with machines as readily as he can play with words. And always the goal, avowed and achieved, is merriment.

In "Boys and Girls Together" Mr. Wynn may disappoint some of his admirers by not indulging his mechanical prowess as fully as he has hitherto done. If he fails to make smoke come out of his ears, he does, however, demonstrate that as an originator of novel rifles he has produced some secret weapons which do terrific damage to the risibles. His suggestions for a cigarette lighter are not to be scoffed at. Neither are his hints for a plot synopsis. These are but a few proofs, picked out from among many, that the Maestro of Nonsense has lost none of his uncanny skill with words, gadgets, and effects.

If his skill remains the same, so does his generosity. Although he works unsparingly in "Boys and Girls Together," throughout most of the evening Mr Wynn is acting as a super-Master of Ceremonies to a vaudeville show which his personality manages to endow with a plot. Among those present are the De Marcos, dancing with their fiery and magical grace. Jane Pickens looks and sings nicely. Eight startlingly beautiful show girls give genuine distinction to the chorus numbers. Dave Apollon plays upon the mandolin with uncommon skill. If Oden Waller's settings are good enough, Irene Sharaff's costumes are downright brilliant.

But the evening is Mr. Wynn's, as anyone not in his wrong mind might have known, and certainly hoped, it would be. In spite of some slow moments, it is a good evening which becomes much better than that whenever Mr. Wynn is on the stage. This, praise be, is almost all the time. That should be recommendation enough.

"The Gondoliers"

Reprinted from NEW YORK SUN, *October 1, 1940*

'The Gondoliers' Is Offered at the Forty-Fourth Street Theater

By RICHARD LOCKRIDGE

THE Lyric Opera Company, which has been touring for several seasons in Gilbert and Sullivan repertory, finally ventured into New York last evening, bringing up at the Forty-fourth Street Theater. They started with "The Gondoliers" and plan to do the rest in order, always providing they don't wear themselves out first. They are a very animated company, full of high, low and middle jinks.

"The Gondoliers" does, probably, need all the jinks an active group of youngsters can give it, having rather less than the usual Gilbert and Sullivan animation in its own right. This is only opinion, mind, and nothing which can be supported by argument. Last evening's audience, although slowly melting in a theater fired for midwinter temperatures, enjoyed every moment with that peculiar intensity of appreciation known only to the dyed-in-the-wool Gilbert and Sullivan fan. Almost everything had to be done twice over to satisfy the demand.

This majority report is here concurred in with some reservations, most of which have to do with the opera itself. "The Gondoliers" suffers from plot lethargy and what is, always considering its illustrious source, poverty of invention. The lyrics are mighty nice, of course, and everything else is right as right can be. It just isn't "Iolanthe" or "Pirates of Penzance" or even "The Mikado."

The Lyric Opera Company makes the best of it. Their stage is brightly lighted and designed by Samuel Leve with a comic lightness of touch. And all the boys and girls are young and gay, and go at it in the spirit of frolic. There is nothing staid about their show; no suggestion of the reverent bow. They do it in their own fashion, and their fashion is full of youthful zest. It may be mentioned, also, that most of those on the stage are easy to look at, an enjoyment not always provided by Gilbert and Sullivan companies. They sing it prettily, too, and one or two of them sing it very well indeed.

There are occasional outbursts of over-animation. Charles Alan, who directed, might have persuaded some of the girls to labor their comedy a little less. Paul Reed, singing Don Alhambra, is unrestrainedly broad in his comedy and at moments everybody goes roguish. All pardonably in youth, of course, and particularly in youth confronted by "The Gondoliers." Frank Kierman's Duke of Plaza Toro is admirable clowning, Allen Stewart and William Geery are attractive gondoliers and Walter Tibbetts a stately and melodious lover.

Oh, yes—"The Gondoliers" is all about a king who got misplaced in his cradle, in case you had forgotten.

'THE GONDOLIERS'

The Gilbert and Sullivan operetta, revived at the Forty-fourth Street Theater on September 30, 1940, by the Lyric Opera Company under the direction of Joseph S. Daltry. Musical direction by Mr. Daltry; stage direction by Charles Alan; settings by Samuel Leve. The cast:

Duke of Plaza Toro	Frank Kierman
Luiz	Walter Tibbetts
Don Alhambra Del Bolero	Paul Reed
Marco Palmieri	Allen Stewart
Giuseppe Palmieri	William Geery
Antonio	James Pease
Francesco	Frederick Loadwick
Giorgio	Ernest Eames
Annibale	Robert Eckles
Duchess of Plaza Toro	Catherine Judah
Casilda	Marjorie King
Gianetta	Miriam Bentley
Tessa	Kathleen Killcoyne
Fiametta	Janet Webb
Vittoria	Anne Dawson
Giulia	Carol Wolfe
Inez	Anna Handzlik

Reprinted from NEW YORK WORLD-TELEGRAM, *October 1, 1940*

Fresh, Well-Trained Voices in The Gondoliers

By SIDNEY B. WHIPPLE

THE Lyric Opera Company, a group of young and aspiring singers who have been building toward a New York opening by a tour of the East in some of the better known Gilbert and Sullivan operettas, arrived last night at the 44th Street Theater for their metropolitan debut in The Gondoliers.

They received a pleasant reception at the hands of the town's Savoyards who habitually patronize every G. and S. company, although it seems to me that their choice for an opening operetta was a matter of courage rather than wisdom. The Gondoliers is neither the best known nor best liked of the long repertoire, and contains the least spontaneous humor of the lot.

These statements are made less in criticism of the honest efforts of the young people than to emphasize the difficulties, and it is accordingly a pleasure to record that the company acquitted itself, on the whole, very well indeed.

* * *

On the credit side, we find a splendid chorus, with fresh and well-trained voices; good musical direction; several pleasing stage pictures; three or four voices of excellent quality and clarity; and a general disposition of willing co-operation.

On the debit side, it should be pointed out that comic opera, or satirical opera, must be comic rather than merely foolish, and it is in respect to its comedy that the Lyric Opera Company falls short. If, on the one hand, there were no principals who sang off key (as there were in the last D'Oyly Carte company which played here), on the other hand I very much fear that some of the new company, notably Mr. Frank Kierman, patterned their acting on the hop-skip-and-jump manner of their English rivals. And since their predecessors gave us notoriously the worst Pooh-Bah, the worst Ko-Ko, the worst Lord High Admiral and the worst Duke of Plaza Toro that have possibly ever been seen here, it would seem that Mr. Kierman would make use of those performances as examples of what not to do rather than what to emulate.

Director Joseph S. Daltry is happier in his selection of the four young people who play Marco, Giuseppe, Gianetta and Tessa. William Gerry, in particular, is modestly effective as Giuseppe and has considerable histrionic ability in addition to a mellow and extremely flexible voice. Kathleen Killcoyne, with an Irish twinkle to her eye and an Irish lilt to her voice, made a charming Tessa. Allen Stewart and Miriam Bentley showed, in their solo work, voices of pleasant quality and sufficient power to be bravely audible over the heavy orchestra.

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The second act was much better done than the first, perhaps because it is here that the real satirical quality of the work first makes its appearance after the conventional, daisy-in-the-dell quality of the opening scenes. The dance number (the only deliberately staged dance, in fact, in the entire operetta) was exceptionally well done, and it had the effect of enlivening everybody on both sides of the footlights.

Among those who contributed better voices than acting were Walter Tibbetts as Luis and Paul Reed as the Grand Inquisitor. Catherine Judah has a statuesque presence and an agreeable voice, and would do better if she were not hampered by Mr. Kierman's comedy.

There should be enough Gilbert and Sullivan fans roundabout to give the new company a fairly successful season.

"The Gondoliers"

Reprinted from NEW YORK POST, *October 1, 1940*

"The Gondoliers" Revived By Joseph D. Daltry

By JOHN MASON BROWN

WHEN a Gilbert and Sullivan opera is performed without gaiety, it can be very sad indeed. What it most resembles is a souffle fallen, a good wine gone flat, a picnic held in the pouring rain. "The Gondoliers" as it was presented last night at the 44th Street by the Lyric Opera Company offers new proof of this.

Mr. Daltry's singers are young. They have fresh voices. They often sing nicely. Their choral numbers are full-throated and clear. Over them, from the orchestra pit, Mr. Daltry watches with unflagging earnestness in the role of conductor. But "The Gondoliers" in their hands is like a May Pole dance held in a funeral parlor.

In Praise of D'Oyly Carte

They turn Venice and Barataria into arctic wastes where no carnival spirit is possible. However true their musicianship may be, their comedy is false. Worse than this, it is lugubrious. Precision they have not. That wonderful—and gleeful—exactitude with which the D'Oyly Carte Company used to play "The Gondoliers" is missing. The Duke and Duchess of Plaza Toro, their "suite," the Grand Inquisitor, Casilda, and the two gondoliers who must rule as one are no longer figures possessed of the Savoy's grand style. They have ceased to act like so many characters out of Moliere who just happen to have bobbed up in Wonderland. They have become the victims of amateurishness. Tarnished with such a touch they seem both hopelessly old-fashioned and strangely dull.

The feebleness of the stage business assigned to Mr. Daltry's singers might not matter if there were anything contagious in their spirits. But even when they labor as overzealously to be funny as does Frank Kierman as the Duke, the humor of their antics freezes behind the footlights. Their patter songs lack pace and unction. To the whole happy nonsense they bring the levity of pallbearers.

In spite of the well-wishers on hand who strenuously applauded everything, last night some of us had no other choice than to look as if we had been condemned to hearing a long, long joke in a foreign language. Congealed as our expressions may have been, our minds were not frozen. They thawed as we thought back again and again with pleasure to the D'Oyly Carte's superlatively fine production of the same opera, to Muriel Dickson's Gianetta and Dorothy Gill's Duchess, to Sydney Granville's haughty Inquisitor, yes, and longingly to the wildest caperings of Martyn Green.

Reprinted from NEW YORK HERALD TRIBUNE, *October 1, 1940*

Memories

By RICHARD WATTS, Jr.

THEY are paying a graceful tribute to the illustrious D'Oyly Carte Opera Company at the Forty-fourth Street Theater these nights. An earnest organization known as the Lyric Opera Company is presenting a revival of "The Gondoliers," which is one of the most celebrated items in the D'Oyly Carte repertoire and it is doing so in a manner to bring up the happiest contrasting memories of the version offered by the visitors from London. For those not too familiar with the Savoy production or who haven't seen too many high school presentations, the current offering may seem serviceable. It isn't very striking or lively or imaginative, but it is at least amiably enough played and sung. For D'Oyly Carte enthusiasts, though, it can only provide those memories.

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For example, there is the comedian who plays the role of the Duke of Plaza Toro, which was a Martyn Green part. Now, there were those of us who had certain reservations about the art of Mr. Green. It seemed to us that he was just a little bit overemphatic at times. But when you see the current actor, who apparently has observed Mr. Green with considerable care, you are likely to remember merely what a brilliant performer the Englishman really was. In fact, I had never felt as devoted to Mr. Green as I did while watching his successor imitate him. Then, there is the other comic role of the Grand Inquisitor. That lugubriously humorous gentleman was impersonated in the Savoy production by Sidney Granville, my favorite comedian in the troupe. I may say that I have always appreciated Mr. Granville, but never as rhapsodically as I did during the regime of the incumbent of the part.

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Perhaps it may seem to you that I am devoting a lot of space to ungracious comparisons. Since it happens, however, that these Gilbert and Sullivan works are always attended by virtually the same people and that these enthusiastic cultists obviously never miss a production of their favorite operettas, it is my impression that only by such comparisons can I let them know the details they want to know. Certainly the D'Oyly Carte people have set all the Gilbert and Sullivan standards in this country since Winthrop Ames's incomparable productions. For the newcomers, if any, it can be said that "The Gondoliers" is one of the works in which Sullivan was far ahead of Gilbert and that, therefore, while the libretto is less than a masterpiece the score is characteristically lovely. It can be added that the singing is better than the acting and that the Misses Kathleen Killicoyne and Catherine Judah struck me as being the best of the company.

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"The Gondoliers"

Reprinted from NEW YORK DAILY NEWS, *October 1, 1940*

"The Gondoliers" Is Revived by A Gay Troupe of Young Singers

"The Gondoliers," comic opera by W. S. Gilbert and Arthur Sullivan. Revived at the 44th St. Theatre New York, Sept. 30, 1940.

★ ★+

By BURNS MANTLE

WHATEVER you may later decide as to the merits of the Lyric Opera company, which began a season of popular-priced Gilbert and Sullivan revivals at the 44th St. Theatre last night, you will have to stand and salute the courage of their director-founder, Joseph S. Daltry.

After what is recorded as three years of training and touring both East and West (though I confess I had not heard of them before last week), Mr. Daltry has brought this troupe of mostly young singers to Broadway and boldly invited comparison with the best we have known in the way of similar revivals.

These, of course, take in a still remembered season or two with Winthrop Ames, and several seasons with the parent D'Oyly Carte organization from London, than which there is no better living organization for this particular repertory on the face of this earth.

Nice Choruses

The young folk also elected to sing "The Gondoliers," with which number the D'Oyly Cartes began their first season in 1934.

The newcomers sang the story of the mislaid King of Barataria fairly well, considering. Evidently they have sung mostly in small auditoriums. The 44th Street is a sizable hall, and can swallow timid voices pretty discouragingly.

They did better with the choruses and the ensembles than their principals did with the solos and duets. They gathered courage and volume as a group, as young people will.

Their weakness, naturally, is in characterization and comedy. They lack that assurance in performance that is usually spoken of as authority, probably because there is no other word that describes it better.

There are several who have had professional experience among the Daltry singers but I could believe that most of them have come recently to the stage. Walking in to the theatre blindfolded and with no whisper of the company's origin I should pick them as a visiting Juilliard graduating class. Which is no mean compliment either.

The Cast

Miriam Bentley, singing Gianetta, and Marjorie King, the Casilda, led the women last night, in both vocal and actorial assurance. Frank Kierman's comedy as the Duke of Plaza Toro was somewhat muffled by his nervousness, but he gave the best of the male performances. An older Paul Reed sang Don Alhambra, and Allen Stewart gave a nice lyric quality to Marco's "Take a pair of sparkling eyes."

They all had fun with the "Cachuca," and the "Cachuca" had fun with them, bringing their performance to life. In fact they were much more sure of the second act than they were of the first.

Mr. Daltry conducted with more affection than force, paying more attention to his singers than his orchestra, but getting even results from the combination.

On Thursday the Lyric singers will change to "The Mikado." They are prepared to stay at the 44th Street Theatre as long as you make them welcome.

Reprinted from NEW YORK TIMES, *October 1, 1940*

Gilbert and Sullivan's 'The Gondoliers' Introduces the Lyric Opera Company to New York

By BROOKS ATKINSON

EVERY now and then, when the mails succeed in crossing the Atlantic, the D'Oyly Carte Company sends a polite schedule of the programs it performs at Golder's Green. Probably the productions have been suspended since the bombers commenced coming in pitiless numbers. But that makes little difference. Like all the gay and disarming things of London, the D'Oyly Carte Company seems ruefully far away during times of widespread suffering—a dim echo of the proud days when Englishmen were dancing and singing to mannered English airs.

Certainly the D'Oyly Carte Company was much in the minds of Savoyards at the Forty-fourth Street Theatre last evening. For a band of willing young singers, grouped under the banner of the Lyric Opera Company were beginning a season of Gilbert and Sullivan with "The Gondoliers." Under the direction of Joseph S. Daltry, who stands in the orchestra pit, they are making their first visit to New York after two or three seasons in other parts of the country.

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Several of them are good singers. They manage some of the songs very nicely. William Geery, for example, sings the King's ballad, "Rising Early in the Morning," with pleasant spirit, and Allen Stewart is not far behind with "Take a Pair of Sparkling Eyes." The whole company sings and dances the cachucha joyously. Since every one has some musical talent and approaches "The Gondoliers" with eagerness, it would be pleasant to reward them with a few encouraging words.

But the dismal fact is that musical talent and willingness do not result in Gilbert and Sullivan unless they are informed with the satiric spirit. The mannered elegancies of the D'Oyly Carte performances are not right because they are traditional. They are right because they enter into the satire on Italian opera and Victorian manners that Sullivan and Gilbert were writing. Although Winthrop Ames dispensed with a good deal of the tradition in his illustrious revivals, he retained the satiric spirit. Milton Aborn's unassuming revivals at popular prices had it, too.

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And the satiric spirit, in turn, requires actors who can suggest a giddy world which they never represent. It is a dry and brittle medium. Lacking the gift of satire, the Lyric Opera singers take it out in roguishness, behaving a good deal as though they had swallowed a flock of canaries. The orchestra lacks the sharp brilliance of the Sullivan music and the direction is pedantic. Imagine some well-meant revels in a library, and you have a fair notion of this "Gondoliers."

Last night's audience was distinctly friendly, and recalled the singers repeatedly for encores. In this reporter's opinion, the Lyric Opera Company's "Gondoliers" may be excellent Meyerbeer, but it is poor Sir Arthur and dull Sir William. With their exacting scores and ripe acting experience, the D'Oyly Carte people have spoiled us for commonplace revivals.